

RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1851.

NUMBER 15.

TALES.

THE BACHELOR'S VOW.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief.—*Othello*.

A SNUG bachelor's domicile was the neat two-story dwelling where lived Jonathan Everleigh, Esq. a hale, hearty bachelor, on the shady side of forty. With him lived his nephew, Walter Lincoln, and a faithful old African, rejoicing in the name of Tunis, as black and shining as Day and Martin's best, and who, in his own individual capacity, constituted the factotum of the establishment—namely, cook, scullion, chambermaid, and waiter—for Mr. Everleigh never employed any of the "woman-kind" about his stronghold of Bachelor-dom; even his clothes were regularly forwarded to his washerwoman by the milkman, as he passed her door every Monday morning, and as regularly returned on Saturday by the same conveyance. Indeed, the "oldest inhabitant" could not remember ever seeing a female either ascend the nicely-swept steps to the front door, or descend into the basement below. There was, to be sure, one poor old decrepit woman, who for a time spread her unseemly garments upon the pavement in front; but even she soon deputed a dirty little urchin, "all tattered and torn," to receive her daily dole from the well-spread table of the bachelor.

Yet, notwithstanding this more than monkish exclusion of the softer sex, Mr. Everleigh was by no means of the *genus* morose and crabbed—attributes supposed to belong to the bachelor class of bipeds—but, on the contrary, was of a cheerful, generous nature, rejoicing in the happiness and prosperity of others, which he was ever ready to promote as far as he was able. He was not, however, a wealthy man, in the worldly acceptance of the term, but had enough for all his own wants, and to spare, if need required, for the necessities of a friend.

To his nephew he was fondly attached, deeming no expense too great for his education. Young Lincoln graduated with honour from his College; and Mr. Everleigh, averse to his studying a profession, had then admitted him as a partner in the house of Everleigh & Co.

"Well, Walter," he would often say, "when we have made a little more money we will wind up business, and enjoy ourselves; yes, yes, my boy, we will see a little more of the world, and not spend all our days cramped within the walls of this modern Babel! I am rich enough for both of us; and thank God, Walter, when we travel forth we shall neither of us be encumbered with a woman?"

Now, our bachelor reckoned a little too confidently upon this latter point; for, during all these conversations with his uncle, Walter had very pleasing visions of a pair of soft blue eyes, which, somehow or other, whenever this journey was spoken of, seemed to be fixed upon him with such a sweet, confiding look—nay, he almost felt, as it were, the pressure of a dear little head upon his shoulder, and saw, or fancied he saw, long ringlets of the most beautiful golden hair floating around him. But he took very good care not to reveal these visions to his uncle.

After business hours, Mr. Everleigh and Walter regularly walked home together, where the skill of Tunis had meanwhile prepared the only meal in which Mr. Everleigh indulged, save breakfast; for, at such a woman's full-dress drink as tea, the bachelor turned up his nose, although he greatly relished the cup of excellent coffee which Tunis was wont to bring him after dinner, when, throwing off his boots and donning his dressing-gown and slippers, he yielded himself to the indulgence of back-gammon, or a game at all-fours, with his nephew.

Assuming the privilege of an old servant, Tunis usually stood by upon these occasions, marking the progress of the game with much apparent interest, and displaying his shining rows of ivory to great advantage. Sometimes he would break out with—"Hi—Massa Everleigh, take care—your Massa he get eberyting!" or, "Golly Massa Walter, you not get off dis time—hi—dere go de Jack!"

Sometimes Walter would venture to express his surprise, that one so fond of domestic life as his uncle appeared to be, should have omitted that choicest blessing—a wife; but such a remark never failed to draw down, not only a shower of invectives upon the sex, but also to put Mr. Everleigh into such an exceeding bad humour, that Walter was always glad to withdraw from the scene.—Fond of reading, the centre-table was always well supplied with the new publications and files of daily papers. They also dipped a little into politics, always, however, espousing different sides, for the sake of the argument.

Thus it will be seen, that for a season our two friends lived very easy and comfortable; but it will also be seen that such happy times could not last. Pity they should! for we should like to know, in the name of woman-kind, whom he so much affected to despise, what a bachelor like Mr. Everleigh has to do with comfort?

Walter began gradually to estrange himself from

these family *tele-a-letes*, and, after allowing himself to be handsomely beaten by his uncle at his favourite games, would plead some trifling errand or engagement to absent himself, leaving his respected relative to while away the hours alone. These absences grew more and more frequent; still Mr. Everleigh contented himself with remarking—"You were out late last night, Walter;" or, "I waited until ten for you, boy?" to which Walter would answer hurriedly, and in much confusion, that he was very sorry, but he had a particular engagement, or was unavoidably detained; while Tunis, chuckling and grinning as he descended into the obscure regions of the kitchen, would remark, for his own especial edification—"Hi! young Massa Walter give old Massa the slip one of these days—see if he don't?"

Noting, at length, the increasing abstraction of his nephew—that he was more given to the perusal of poetry—that he sighed often, and, moreover, carried about him very suspicious missives, in the shape of delicately-folded notes, Mr. Everleigh grew uneasy, and resolved to question Walter upon the subject—a resolution which was perhaps the more speedily carried into effect, by observing, one evening, upon the little finger of the delinquent, a small gold ring! This was enough.

"Puppy!" he muttered; "it is just as I thought! Yes, yes; I'll wager he is playing the fool!" Then working himself up to the degree of wrath required for the purpose, he began; "Put down your light, sir; you are not going off in this way; put down your light, I say, young man; we must have a little talk together before we separate!"

Rushing like a girl, Walter placed the lamp upon the table. He saw the hour had come, and that the storm he had so long dreaded was about to burst upon his head.

"Now tell me, sir," continued Mr. Everleigh, "where you have been, and where you spend your evenings—hey, Walter, tell me that! You shan't run blindfold into ruin, if I can stop you—speak, sir!—I asked you where you had been?"

"I have been visiting at Mrs. Nesmeth's this evening, uncle," answered Walter, dutifully.

"And who the deuce is Mrs. Nesmeth's?" asked the bachelor, seizing the poker, and thrusting it into the grate.

"A—a particular friend of mine, whom I often call upon," said Walter.

"The deuce you do! Hey—what—and why have you not told me this before, you scamp? How old is she, I say?" cried Mr. Everleigh.

"I should judge her to be nearly forty, uncle,

"although it is difficult to decide upon a lady's age," answered Walter.

"Difficult to decide upon a fiddlestick! Forty, is she—wh-e-w! she has a daughter, then, I suppose, also a particular friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir; a most charming, amiable girl, sir; only about seventeen," replied Walter.

With a vigorous poke between the bars of the grate, Mr. Everleigh now fixed his gaze upon the countenance of his nephew. "Well, why don't you speak, you young jackanapes?"

"What shall I say?" said Walter, smiling.

"Say? Why, that you are in love with a girl—that you mean to make a fool of yourself—that, you mean to marry her."

"Well, my dear uncle," replied Walter firmly, "then I do say that I love Miss Nesmeth most tenderly—that our faith stands plighted to one another, and that, please heaven, I shall marry her!"

"Please heaven, you shall marry her!" repeated Mr. Everleigh, in a tone of cutting contempt—"I say, please heaven you shall do no such thing! A pretty fool you'd make of yourself, eh! What business had you to fall in love, I should like to know, without my consent? Your faith stands plighted, does it? Oh, you puppy! Well I'll find a way to un-plight it, that's all! Don't speak—go to bed, sir—go to bed—married—wh-e-w!" Then seizing a lamp, the excited bachelor bounced out of the room.

When he reached his chamber, Mr. Everleigh for some moments paced the floor with rapid strides, giving full vent to the passion which agitated him—now bestowing all sorts of invective epithets upon his nephew, now upon the arts of woman-kind. At length, throwing himself into a chair, he gradually suffered his anger to abate—his features relaxed—a shade of melancholy stole over them, and finally burying his face in his hands, he remained for a long time in deep, and, as it would appear, painful thought. Then slowly rising, he opened a small escritoire which stood upon a table, at the head of his bed, and drew forth the miniature of a young girl, upon which he gazed long and sorrowfully. A hot tear rolled down his cheek, and fell upon his hand. This aroused him, and, as if angry for allowing himself to be thus overcome, he thrust the picture back into its case, turned the key of the desk, and hurriedly, brushing his hands across his eyes, exclaimed, "Fool, fool that I am! Well, God grant that poor Walter may not be made the dupe I was!"

Several days passed, and no further allusion was made to the subject so near the hearts of both uncle and nephew. Walter, it is true, would gladly have introduced this most interesting topic, and essayed at various times to do so; but Mr. Everleigh, perfectly comprehending his object, and willing to punish him, invariably walked off, leaving the lover to his own not very pleasant reflections: for the thought of his uncle's displeasure, who had ever been to him as a father, even the love of his charming Emily could not entirely overbalance.

Now, the truth must be owned, that Mr. Everleigh was quite as unhappy at this state of affairs as Walter; and when he noticed the pale cheek and sunken eye, betokening a sleepless night, and the dejected, almost penitential air of his nephew, he could hold out no longer. Pity took the place of resentment, and, much to the astonishment of Wal-

ter, he was the first to introduce the forbidden subject, and expressed his readiness to hear what the "silly boy," as he termed him, had to say for himself.

Thus encouraged, Walter opened his heart freely—Mr. Everleigh listening at first quietly and silently—then, as Walter proceeded, he gradually grew more restless—fidgeted upon his seat—kicked the fender—muttering, like Squire Burchell, "Fudge!" and "Pshaw!" and finally, in the midst of a most glowing description of his fair innamorata, which Walter was pouring forth, he bade the ardent young lover hold his tongue, and not be such a fool.

"But, uncle," persisted Walter, "I am sure, if you once saw Emily, you would no longer rail at my love, but acknowledge how very inferior to her real charms are all the descriptions I would fain give you."

"Pshaw! beauty is but skin deep, you silly fellow; and, for the rest, she is just like all her sex, false and fickle as the wind!" said Mr. Everleigh. "She will jilt you, depend upon it."

"I would stake my life upon her truth!" replied Walter warmly. "If you knew her, you would be ashamed of such injustice to an angel!"

"Wh-e-w! we are in a passion, are we—eh, Mr. Firchrand? Now Walter, take my advice, and don't get married. What the—do you want with a wife, I should like to know? Have you not got a pleasant home, you dog, and an old uncle that humors you like a pet monkey? and what on earth do you want to bring a woman into the concern for?"

"Uncle," replied Walter, "so long as I was not in a condition to support a wife, marriage, of course, would have been highly injudicious; but as, thanks to your kindness, my dearest uncle, I am now established in a good business, with all reasonable prospect of success, why should I longer delay my happiness? No, my dear sir, do not ask it—nothing but your consent is now wanting to make me the happiest of men."

"The silliest of fools, you mean!" interrupted Mr. Everleigh, impatiently. "Now, depend upon it, Walter, the moment you put yourself in the power of a woman, you are ruined, body and soul. I would not give—no, I would not give a straw for you—a mere puppet, pushed hither and thither, at the will of an artful little husy! Just look at me, Walter—here I stand six feet in my shoes—a happy, hearty bachelor of five-and-forty—look at my head, not a gray hair in it—my teeth, sound as a roach; think you I should be what I am, had I saddled myself with a wife and a brood of squalling fat babies?—no, no!"

"But, uncle," said Walter, rather mischievously, "if report says true, you were once in a fair way for such a misfortune: for I have heard you were at one time engaged to be married."

"Hey—what? nonsense—nonsense!" answered the bachelor, stooping suddenly to pick up something from the carpet; to be sure, I was a fool once, a deuced fool—but I was never caught again: ha, ha, ha—never again; and, Walter, it is precisely because I know the deceitful sex that I so urgently warn you against them."

"Then you do admit that you were once in love?" said Walter. "Therefore, how can you blame me for the passion which a lovely and amiable girl has inspired?"

Mr. Everleigh arose, and walked several times

hurriedly around the room; then approaching Walter, he regarded him seriously, and said, "Walter, you shall now hear from my lips that of which no other person has heard me speak. To you I will confess my folly. Yes, Walter," he continued, seating himself, and nervously playing with his watchguard—"when I was of your age, I was silly enough to fall in love with as arrant a piece of coquetry and mischief as ever nature turned out.

She was a schoolmate and intimate friend of your poor mother, Walter, and came home with her to pass the holidays at the Grange. This was our first meeting. She was then only fifteen—as gay, and wild as a young deer, and the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld—nay, that I have ever yet seen. It was my fate to be spending the holidays at the Grange also, and a most fortunate circumstance I felicitated myself that it was; but it proved otherwise, as you will see. Those six happy weeks flew by as a moments—the remembrance even now causes my blood to course more rapidly—and then we parted, with mutual regret, and with mutual wishes that we might soon meet again! And I was such a ninny, Walter, as to think and dream of nothing else but—but—ah! I cannot speak her name, boy!" said Mr. Everleigh, his voice trembling with agitation. "No matter; she was my star—my idol. All I did, all I hoped, was in reference to her, and I penned more sonnets to her praise than would fill a folio. At length we met again. She was once more at the Grange. My love became idolatry, Walter; nor had I any reason to complain of her coldness. She read with me, sang to me, walked with me, and rode with me—indeed, we were scarcely for a moment separated. Thus encouraged, I at length declared my passion, and she—false and perfidious as she proved—she, Walter, fell on my bosom, and wept her love!" Mr. Everleigh paused, and wrung the hand of Walter: "Boy, boy, may you never be deceived as I have been! My happiness was 'brief as woman's love.' A few weeks after our engagement witnessed the arrival of a gay, dashing lieutenant—her cousin, she said—and from that moment my happiness declined. Her attentions were no longer given to me—her smiles were for another; walking or riding, at home or abroad, the puppy never left her side. If I remonstrated, she laughed in my face, or turned angrily away from me. He called her by the most endearing names; and one day—yes, boy, one day I found her in his arms—her head resting dove-like upon his glittering epaulette, her little soft hand clasped in his. I saw—yes, I who had never yet dared to press my lips upon her snowy brow—I saw it and survived! I could have shot the fellow dead upon the spot; but, to save my soul from the sin of another's blood, there was providentially no weapon at hand. That evening I sought an interview with the false one. I accused her of her perfidy and bade her explain, if she could, her conduct. This she positively refused to do. Angry and bitter words ensued between us, until with consummate boldness she bade me mind my own concerns, and not trouble myself any further about her movements! I then asked her if she loved young Marchmont. Never shall I forget the look she cast upon me. 'Love him!' she exclaimed; 'love him!—yes, with my whole heart do I love him!'—'It is enough,' I answered; and, although my brain was on fire, and every vein swollen with jeal-

ous rage, I coldly bowed, and turned on my heel, walked leisurely away, humming the air of a fashionable song. I then mounted my horse, and rode over to the house of a relative, some six or eight miles distant, where I remained for near a week, racked, it seemed to me, by all the torments of the lower region. When I returned to the Grange she had gone—yes, gone with the lieutenant. I never saw her after! Now, Walter, I ask you, have I not reason to heap maledictions upon the faithless sex?"

"No, uncle," answered Walter; "with all due deference to you, and with all sympathy I feel for you, pardon me for saying that, if what you have just told me is all you have to allege against them, your argument is a poor one."

"Hey—what?—why, what the deuce would you have more?" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh.

"I would have calmness and deliberation, uncle," returned Walter. "Allow me to say, that judging from your own words, I consider you were too hasty in condemning the young lady. There may have been reasons—strong palliative reasons—why—"

"Pshaw, Walter! stuff—stuff!" interrupted the bachelor; "reasons! there were no reasons but those to be traced to the fickle nature of woman. And of this I will convince you—for my folly, Walter, did not end here. Time cooled my resentment, and caused me to doubt my proceedings; and the more I reasoned upon the subject, the more I blamed my rashness. At last I resolved to write to her—to acknowledge my error—entreat her forgiveness, and once more offer my love. Yes, fool, dolt that I was, I penned one of your puling, sighing, *lack-a-daisical* love-letters, and sent it to her address. Well, the answer came, and it was such as my egregious folly deserved—saucy, spirited, insulting, and unfeeling! A few days previous I had been offered a situation in a West India house, and I now gladly and without the least hesitation accepted it. I embarked for Porto-Rico. Yes, Walter, that bad, heartless girl drove me an exile from my friends and country! I was absent twelve years. When I returned I casually learned she was married; but I never made any further inquiries about her. Your poor mother, too, dear Walter, had paid the debt of nature, leaving you a mere child; and soon after my return your father died also. I vowed to be both father and mother to the child of my only treasured sister; and although but a rough nurse, boy, I kept my vows!"

"Dearest uncle," interrupted Walter seizing Mr. Everleigh's hand, and kissing it, while grateful tears filled his eyes, "dearest uncle, I owe you everything. How can I ever repay such kindness and love?"

"Eh! very grateful you are, to be sure, you dog—going to bring a woman here to break up our happiness!" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh.

"Not so, uncle," said Walter; "believe me it will only render it more secure. Ah! when you once know Emily, for her sake you will renounce all your prejudices against women."

"Nonsense!" returned Mr. Everleigh.—"However, if you will be such a fool as to get married, why I can't help it. I believe I should be doing you a much greater kindness to give you a halter to hang yourself with, than to consent to such folly as you purpose. But you never will see

your mistake until it is too late; so there's no use wasting any more breath upon you; get married, then, in heaven's name!—poor fellow!"

"Thank you, thank you, my dear uncle!" cried Walter, his countenance expressing all the joy he felt.

"And Walter continued Mr. Everleigh, speaking slowly, and as if half ashamed at the concession he was making in favor of a woman, "I can't spare you altogether; though, I suppose, at the best I shall have but little of your company; therefore bring your wife home. My house shall be yours—there is room enough for all of us; and for your sake, puppy, I will try to like your—wife—pshaw!"

Walter smiled, and shook his uncle warmly by the hand: "And now, uncle, you will give me the happiness of introducing my beloved Emily to my more than father. You will go with me and see her, uncle!"

"Eh! what—I go to see her? No, no, that is asking too much," replied Mr. Everleigh. "I will do no such thing! I will neither go to see her, nor will I go to your wedding; so don't ask me.—I will never sanction, by my presence, the sacrifice of a fine, handsome young fellow like yourself to a woman—not I! Draw as much money as you please—go and come as you please—get married when you please—and leave me to do as I please!"

Thus saying, Mr. Everleigh was about to leave the room; already his hand was upon the knob of the door, when suddenly turning, he walked up to Walter, seized his hand, and pressing it fervently, cried, "God bless you, my dear Walter, and make you a happy man!"

From this night there seemed to be a tacit understanding between uncle and nephew that each should do as he pleased, without question or remark.

Although professing great indifference, it was easy enough to see that Mr. Everleigh was more interested in Walter's movements than he would like to make known; and, as the time approached when the "sacrifice of this fine, handsome young fellow to a woman" was to be completed, it seemed to be his chief desire and study to promote the future comfort and happiness of the young couple.

A suite of rooms were newly and handsomely furnished, and the bachelor even endured, uncomplainingly, the flitting and rustling up stairs and down stairs of women's garments; the scrubbing-brushes, white-wash brushes, and window-brushes wielded by several respected female friends of old Tunis, who, by the way, chuckled greatly over this invasion of the bachelor's territories.

In looking over the morning papers, Mr. Everleigh one day noticed that a very fine collection of plants were to be disposed of by auction, in a certain part of the city; and thinking a choice little conservatory would be just the thing for Walter's young bride, he jumped into an omnibus for the purpose of attending the sale.

When he first took his seat, there were several passengers. There, however, gradually alighted, one by one, until eventually there remained but one person in the vehicle besides himself. This was a young man of dashing air, most fashionably attired, with hair enough on his face to have rendered the clippings quite an object of speculation to an upholsterer. For a short distance they rode on alone; and then the driver suddenly reining up his horses to the curb-stone, a young girl sprang

lightly within, and took her seat in the farthest corner of the stage, but on the same side as the exquisite. She was evidently very young, and the slight glance obtained of her countenance, as she brushed past him, convinced Mr. Everleigh that she was also uncommonly beautiful. Yet this dangerous fact did not in the least disturb his bachelor stoicism; and he would, probably, have left the omnibus without bestowing another thought upon her, had not his attention been suddenly drawn to the movements of the fashionable fop, who changing his seat to the opposite side of the vehicle, seemed intent upon annoying the young girl with his bold, rude glances. By degrees he had edged himself into the corner directly facing her, and in such close proximity, that the blushing girl could not raise her eyes without encountering his libertine gaze.

No sooner did Mr. Everleigh note the bearing of this polished blackguard towards the young, unprotected girl, than, with all that kindness which marked his character, he resolved he would not leave the omnibus without her; or, at any rate, that he would retain his place until the presence of other passengers should prove her safeguard from the fellow's boldness. He had previously told the driver where he wished to be set down, and accordingly the stage drew up at the given place. He saw the exulting look of the young man, supposing himself about to be rid of his presence, and met at the same time the appealing look of a pair of soft blue eyes which the young girl bent upon him, as, half-raising, she seemed prepared to follow his movements.

"I shall ride further," said Mr. Everleigh to the conductor; "drive on, and I will tell you when to stop."

The exquisite muttered a curse, while, as if divining the motives of Mr. Everleigh, the young girl bestowed such a sweet, grateful look upon him, as would have taken captive the heart of any but a voluntary bachelor.

The driver whipped his horses, and the conveyance rattled on furiously through the streets.

"Is this — street?" timidly asked the young girl of Mr. Everleigh.

His reply was cut short by her tormenter, with—"It is, beautiful creature! Allow me the happiness of assisting you to alight, and of seeing you safe home."

"Puppy!" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh, leaning over, and shaking his good-sized fist in the face of the officious scoundrel, "dare to rise from that seat, or intrude your insults further upon this young girl, and I'll pitch you under the horses' hoofs! Do you hear me?" and with another flourish, in the very teeth of the discomfited Lothario, he pulled the check-rein, and, taking the hand of the trembling girl, handed her safely out of the vehicle.

"Thank you, sir; thank you," said the young girl, with a sweet smile. "This is my residence sir; I will not trouble you further." Then, with another smile and bow, she tripped up the steps of a small two-story house, and rang the bell.

Our gallant bachelor waited, hat in hand, until, he saw his fair charge safely within doors, and then intended to hail a returning omnibus, for his benevolence had led him a considerable distance from his original destination.

Now, dear reader, do not think that Mr. Ever-

leigh had put himself to all this trouble merely because the object of his kindness was young and pretty. He would have done the same for any unprotected female in like circumstances, no matter her age or condition, whether she wore a robe of velvet or the homely garb of a washer-woman.

Turning, therefore, as I have said, to pursue his original purpose, the foot of Mr. Everleigh suddenly came in contact with a delicate cambric handkerchief. Lifting it from the pavement a small steel purse dropped from it, which he remembered to have seen in the hand of his fair charge; and immediately ascending the steps, in order to restore the prize to its rightful owner, he rang the bell.

While awaiting the answer to his summons, he mechanically turned over the handkerchief. It was one of the finest linen cambric, apparently quite old, for it was much worn, and in several places bore the marks of skilful darning. It was certainly a pardonable curiosity in our bachelor to cast his eye upon the left hand corner of this delicate *mouchoir*. There was a name, although nearly effaced. Why mounts the blood so swiftly to his countenance? and why does an almost ghastly pallor so suddenly succeed? Why do his hands tremble, and his limbs refuse to do their office? It is because, in those pale, time-worn characters, he traces the name of Myra Grey—of Myra Grey, his false, perfidious "first love."

Oh, the thoughts which swept through his brain, like a rapid, rolling river! the years that were revived in that one brief moment! That name—how came it there? To whom belonged the fatal handkerchief, which thus, like Othello's, had "magic in the web of it?"

"Did you ring the bell, sir?" asked a little servant-maid, who had stood for some moments holding open the door, yet until she spoke, wholly unnoticed by Mr. Everleigh in the deep absorption of his feelings.

Recovering himself by a violent effort, he bade the girl ask her young mistress to come to the door; and the next moment, from a back room, with a light step and a smile of pleasure, the young lady came tripping through the hall. Mr. Everleigh bowed; he could not trust himself to speak, and tendered the purse and handkerchief.

"Oh! thank you, thank you!" she exclaimed; "I had just missed them, and was fearful I had dropped them in the omnibus, and of course had little expectation of seeing them again. Indeed I am very much obliged to you," she continued artlessly; "for I would not have lost the handkerchief for the world; it is mamma's, and one which she highly values as the gift of a friend, since dead."

Still Mr. Everleigh spoke not a word; and the young girl, now for the first time noticing his agitation and the pallor of his countenance, said "You are not well, sir; do walk in, pray do?" And, hardly knowing what he was doing, Mr. Everleigh followed her through the hall and into a small parlour, where, at a little side-table, sat a lady engaged in writing. She might have passed her fortieth year, but she was still eminently handsome; and, as she rose to return the salute of the stranger, her form and bearing were alike graceful and dignified.

"Mamma," exclaimed the young girl, "this is the gentleman who was so kind to me in the omni-

bus; and here, too, are the purse and handkerchief which I so carelessly dropped."

"My daughter is under great obligations to you, sir," said the lady, bowing, yet evidently a little surprised at the intrusion.

Mr. Everleigh advanced—those still beautiful eyes were upon him; he saw before him the only woman he had ever loved; he extended his hand. "Myra—Myra, don't you know me?" he exclaimed.

That voice! It was now the lady's turn to be agitated. She started, and a marble hue overspread her features.

"Ah, heavens!" she said, "can it be Everleigh?" And then, forgetting all, save their early love and their long estrangement, Mr. Everleigh caught her to his bosom, and imprinted a long and fervent kiss upon her lips.

"It is long, very long, since we met!" said Mr. Everleigh, at length, striving to regain some composure.

"It is, indeed, many long years," she replied.

"Yes, more than twenty, Myra," continued Mr. Everleigh in a saddened tone; "and this is your daughter?" he said, turning to the fair girl, who had been a surprised spectator.

"My only child and comfort!" answered Mrs. Nesmeth, extending her arms to her daughter.—"Emily, my love, this gentleman is one of my earliest friends, and the brother of that beloved Emily Everleigh whose name you bear."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh, a glow of pleasure mantling his countenance; "then let that dear name secure my pardon, kissing, as he spoke, Emily's blushing cheek."

"And your husband?" he said, turning once more to Mrs. Nesmeth.

"I am a widow," she replied; "my husband died in the second year of our marriage."

This announcement caused a very strange feeling about the heart of our bachelor—such, in fact, as had stirred his bosom in summer twilights "lang syne," when strolling through the haunts of childhood with the lovely Myra Grey! The silence which ensued was somewhat embarrassing; and then the conversation touched upon topics less dangerous, and in which the fair Emily joined. Indeed they were all very rational; and so rapidly passed the moments, that more than an hour had passed ere Mr. Everleigh thought of the necessity of saying adieu.

Somehow his resentment against the sex, and against the widow in particular, had vanished.—The jilt trick she had played on him no longer affected him. He even forgot there ever existed a dashing lieutenant, with the "front of Jove himself," and "an eye like Mars." True, she was an unprotected widow; while from her conversation, and from what he saw, he could plainly discover, not in very good circumstances. When we consider this fact, we must of course agree, that it would not have been manly to have indulged in any other than the most kindly feelings towards one thus unfortunately situated. In short, when at length Mr. Everleigh rose to depart, he carried the hand of the widow to his lips, promised he would soon call upon her again.

It would be difficult to define the feelings of our doughty bachelor, as he bent his steps homeward. Such was his abstraction, that, although late, he forgot to hail a return omnibus; he for-

got the business upon which he had that morning left his dwelling; he forgot all about poor Walter's young bride, although he passed directly in front of the place where those same beautiful plants, whose possession he had so lately coveted for her sake, still embalmed the air with their fragrance; he forgot everything—even to cry, "Pshaw! silly boy!" as Walter exhibited a beautiful little work-box which he had just purchased for his betrothed.

Never had Walter known his uncle so complaisant upon the theme of woman; and at length he ventured once more to request the presence of his uncle at the wedding.

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense, boy, nonsense!" was Mr. Everleigh's reply. "And yet if your fair one did but resemble the charming girl I saw this morning, then, indeed, I might perhaps consent to see you put on the fetters of matrimony."

"Ah! who was this young lady, uncle?" asked Walter.

"She was the daughter of—pshaw—none of your business. Don't be asking about other pretty girls. A pretty husband you'll make, to be sure!" said Mr. Everleigh. "Fill your glass, boy! here's to the health of my Emily!"

The next evening saw Mr. Everleigh again in the little sitting-room of Mrs. Nesmeth. He found the widow alone. Emily having accompanied a friend to the Art-Union Exhibition. A more confidential and interesting *tete-a-tete* now ensued, in the course of which Mrs. Nesmeth informed him that her daughter was on the eve of marriage with a fine young merchant, with whom she hoped Mr. Everleigh would soon become acquainted.

"She is a very young, to be sure—scarcely eighteen," added Mrs. Nesmeth; "but it will be a great relief to know that, should any accident befall me, I shall not leave my dear child unprotected."

This was a moving theme undoubtedly, and imperceptibly the conversation reverted back to olden times, and to the brief season of their love and happiness. Past injuries, or supposed injuries, were all explained, and the "wrong made right;" all that had appeared to the young lover so heartless and inexcusable in the conduct of Myra Grey, was made clear; how, I cannot say; but as it was perfectly satisfactory to the person most interested, it is useless for us to trouble ourselves about it.

It was indeed a lamentable fact, which struck heavily upon the heart of Mr. Everleigh, that through his own rashness he had cheated him self out of a charming wife for a period, perhaps, of twenty years. Just think of it! No wonder he desired to repair the evil; and therefore he once more offered his hand and heart to the acceptance of the widow.

At this critical and interesting moment they were interrupted by the entrance of Emily and her lover.

"Why, what does this mean, my dear uncle?" exclaimed the surprised Walter.

"Your uncle! Oh, Walter! is this gentleman that dear, kind uncle of whom you have so often spoken?" said Emily.

"And is this the sweet girl that is to be your wife?" asked Mr. Everleigh. "Then God bless you both, my dear children!" he cried, folding their hands within his own. Then leading Walter to Mrs. Nesmeth, he said, "Myra, look at this

boy; he is the child of our dear lost Emily. And now, Walter," he continued, turning to his agitated nephew, "in the mother of your bride behold that Myra Grey, the first and only love my heart has ever known!"

A happier circle than was gathered in that small parlor the limits of the city did not enclose. Seeing, with half an eye, how matters were likely to end, Walter fully revenged himself upon his uncle; and, sure of toleration, detailed, with great glee, the estimate of "woman-kind" which his uncle had endeavored to instil into his mind from childhood.

"Yes, yes, boy," said Mr. Everleigh, laughing, "take your revenge; I deserve it. Here I stand, the inveterate enemy of woman, about to assume the ties of wedded life!"

"Uncle, uncle!" exclaimed Walter, gravely, "you had much better procure yourself a halter: I would not give a straw for you after you are married—a mere puppet, to be pushed hither and thither by—" A little white hand smothered the rest of the sentence, while a hearty laugh burst from that discomfited bachelor, in which the trio merrily joined.

Having thus brought our bachelor to that state of subjection to woman-kind in which (with all due deference to the fraternity) they must all, sooner or later, arrive, I will now briefly state that more extensive alterations and improvements rapidly took place in the bachelor's domicile. Other apartments than those intended for Walter Lincoln's young bride were prepared; and, while the neighbors were yet puzzling themselves to discover the meaning of such strange proceedings, an evening paper announced as follows:—

"Married, this morning at — Church by the Rev.—, Jonathan Everleigh, Esq. of this city, to Mrs. Myra Nesmeth; and, at the same time and place, Walter Lincoln, nephew of Jonathan Everleigh, Esq. to Miss Emily Nesmeth." C. H. B.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

A TALE OF THE LA PLATTE.

BY GEO. S. L. STARKS.

MANY and wild are the relations of border life handed down to us by those old pioneers in the march of civilization, a few of whom yet remain, although the majority have passed silently away. And numerous are the scenes of terror in which they have figured, whose very narration would chill the blood in the veins of their effeminate descendants. Those men were true heroes, and their deeds were heroic. Often have I listened to one of these stand-points of the by-gone time, till the "we, sma' hours" came on.

Old Isaac Walton, to whom I refer, was known far and wide and was the especial friend—as what old man is not?—of all the children in the neighborhood. He was a man of more than ordinary talent, and in his youth had possessed an iron constitution, but the frosts of over ninety years now whitened his locks and palsied his step. One night he seemed more than usually sober, and in reply to our repeated inquiries he at length gave us the reason.

"Seventy-three years ago to-day," said he, "I was many miles away from here and in a very different situation. It was then 1765, and the

principal part of old Vermont was peopled only by wild beasts and wilder men. I lived at that time in what is now a flourishing village, then there were only a few log cabins erected, and around each a small piece of cleared land; all the rest was an unbroken forest low vast, gloomy and profound. Our stock of powder, the hunter's indispensable, was beginning to run a and we needed some tools, so a party of my neighbors had determined on a journey to a distant settlement to procure them. This was no slight undertaking when nearly all the "clearings" were separated a hundred miles or more from each other. However it was thought little of when men's nerves were made, "sterner stuff" than now, though there were noble, manly hearts hidden under this rough exterior. They took me, then a lad of 17, with them, because I could assist considerable, and wished very much to go.

Well, we started off, and there was nothing remarkable happened for the first few days. It did not seem a hardship to sleep in the open air and travel over mountains and wade through rivers, not meeting a human being for weeks save a party of savages here and there; for such things were every day occurrences. We got along pretty well, I said, but the thought it a little singular that we found no Indian along our route. We talked and laughed about it a good deal, yes, many were the jokes passed from one to another concerning them.—After having been out several days, we concluded to stop for the sake of resting and hunting awhile. The spot where we camped was right on the edge of what they call the La Platte now, but the red men used to speak of it as the Lacknehalga. That's a long hard name, but it has a pretty meaning to it, tho' I've forgotten what it is. It was as lovely a place as I ever expect to see. On one bank huge, craggy rocks towered upward so far that the eye tired in gazing towards the top. And on the other side the land spread out for a long way into a broad, level expanse covered with tall grass.—Then there was the silvery river between. So you can imagine how beautiful it must have been. Game two was plenty and not very hard to kill.

But the place somehow did not look right to me, though the old hunters of course paid no attention to my remarks, except by shrugging their shoulders contemptuously. I have no idea what made me feel so, yet a sort of presentiment of what was going to happen came over me. Just after we had camped one of the men brought the intelligence that he had seen an Indian in the woods, but he was unable to overtake or hold any communication with him, altho' using his utmost endeavors to do so. The hunters were troubled at this, however they anticipated no danger as the St. Francisco tribe had always appeared friendly to the whites and this was their hunting ground. So we took no more precautions than ordinarily, and leaving a man for guard, weary with the day's journey, we fell asleep. And as it seems did our sentry. Little did any of us think when we lay down that this might be our last night's sleep on earth. It makes me shudder every time the remembrance of it recur to my mind now.

"I guess it must have been about 12 o'clock," said he after pausing and gazing steadily into the fire blazing in the old-fashioned fireplace, for a few moments, "when the redskins attacked us. They crept up and secured the guns and then, friends as

they were, went at their bloody work. It seems to me as if I could hear the groans of the dying now, and that terrible warwhoop too, sounding so dismally through the air. It was horrible to see how they butchered them. I had a brother among them—Uncle Thomas, of whom you have heard me speak so often—and he was tomahawked and scalped before my eyes. They had before this taken and bound me hand and foot, so that I was incapable of rendering any assistance to them. The reason of this I never could discover, yet thus it was no doubt the hand of God was in it. There were two others whom they did not kill with the rest, but towards morning, after torturing them in every possible way, they tied them to a tree, and building a huge fire around them burnt out what little life there was left in them. Ah! the sight was too terrible. God grant that no one may ever look on its like again!" And the aged veteran wept like a child while he was relating it.

"The Indians," he resumed, "stayed there all next day. You cannot tell how much I longed to get away; but the thing was hopeless, for they kept me fastened to a tree, and expecting momentarily to be killed. Towards night one of them more considerate, than the rest brought me some dried meat and ground maize. I made an effort to eat a little, though you may well think a person would not have much of an appetite situated as I was with the dead bodies, or parts of them rather all around, and a pretty certain prospect of being served as they had been before long myself. The next day they started off taking me with them to make a bonfire of me I thought, or may be let me run the gauntlet when they got home. But the very next night I managed to break my cords and slip away unnoticed. I felt perfectly at home in those mighty forests, for they had always been my play grounds, so I found my way to the nearest settlement without much trouble. And before many days there was a large party moving towards the banks of the La Platte. Everything looked just as it did when the Indians carried me away from there.

The men who were with me could have looked death in the face without flinching, but this sight quite unmanned them, and the hot gushing tears rolled thickly down their sun-burnt cheeks. As they looked again thoughts, of revenge came thronging to their hearts, and sent the warm blood wildly through the system. There were no more tears, but a dark ominous smile gleamed on every countenance, and a deeply muttered vow of vengeance quivered on every lip. We buried the mangled corpses on the spot where they were, and ever after men called that peaceful little streamlet the "La Platte." We avenged the foul wrong, and fearfully too. Alas! we erred as did the Indians, for we confounded the innocent with the guilty. And thus commenced a contest which ended not till the St. Francis tribe was almost extinct.

Albany, April 23, 1851.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF ANNA BAILEY GROTON.

Died at Groton, Conn. Jan. 10th, 1851, Mrs. Anna Bailey, relict of Capt. Elijah Bailey, aged 92.

Mrs. Bailey's name has been so widely spread over the Union, and she has been personally known

to so many individuals, that her life becomes a part of our domestic history; and now at the time of decease a simple narrative of the leading incidents of her story cannot be inappropriate.

She was born on the 11th of October, 1758.—Her maiden name was Anna Warner; but for a period of time reaching beyond the lives of the greater part of living men around her, she was the wife of the late Capt. Elijah Bailey, a soldier of the Revolution, and for nearly 40 years Postmaster and inn-keeper on the Groton Bank. Her father, Philip Warner, was a native of Stafford, Conn.—He came to New London, a young lad, for the purpose of following the seas, and for a number of years sailed from this port. Her mother was Hannah Mills, daughter of John Mills, an emigrant from Boston who had settled in Groton and married a daughter of the first Jonathan Starr of that place. Her parents had been but a few years married when they both died of the small pox within ten days of each other leaving two children, of whom Anna was the oldest. The wife had been taken sick just before the husband expected to depart on a voyage; he remained to nurse her—saw her buried, but died of the disorder taken from his wife, five days from land. Mrs. Bailey, when over 80 years of age shed tears abundantly as she related the circumstances attending the death of her parents. The grave of her mother appeared to be a sacred spot in her estimation; often she said when a child she had gone to weep over it; and added—"My father's mother came down from Stafford to see us; she went with us to my mother's grave; and I think I see her now, as she stood lamenting and crying—"O that my son had been buried here in the green earth, instead of being cast into a watery grave!—When will the sea give up its dead?"

The children were brought up by their grandmother Mills, who had married a second husband (her cousin James Starr) and during the Revolutionary war, this couple considerably advanced in life, were living about three miles from Groton Bank, in the woods, as it was styled by Mrs. Bailey. Two sons of the first marriage, James and Edward Mills—the latter with his wife and two children, one of them a babe only a few weeks old resided with them.

The women of that day vied with the men in their passionate love of liberty and dread of English rule. Anna Warner was a character for the times. Even in her secluded home she caught the fire of the nation and nourished it into a flame. She was one of those who carry every idea and feeling to an extreme, and do nothing by halves. When independence was declared, she was old enough to take a deep interest in that great act of her country, and during the seven years' conflict that succeeded, the aggressions of the enemy were so indelibly marked in her mind as to give a coloring to her whole life. She would often remark in latter days, that the women of the Revolution were greater patriots than the men, and that they were accustomed to urge their husbands and brothers to go and fight those inhuman monsters, the tyrants and Tories. Such was the unmeasured language she commonly used.

Her uncle, Edward Mills a name now found inscribed on the Groton monument—was an ardent patriot; and on the morning of Arnold's invasion, when the alarm guns sounding at daybreak gave

notice of the approach of the enemy, he started instantly and alone, (his brother James being absent from home,) for the scene of danger. He was a corporal in the militia, and joining his company, they threw themselves into Groton Fort, to await the invaders. This fact was learned by his friend at home during the day; while the roar of cannon in the morning, and afterwards the heavy wreaths of smoke rolling up in the direction of the town filled them with dismal apprehensions; and at nightfall, their worst fears were confirmed, as the news came rushing through the country that New London and Groton village were burnt, the fort taken, and the garrison put to the sword.

It may readily be imagined that the little family in the woods passed a night of sleepless agony; the breathing of the wind in the trees, or the flutter of a night bird, made them often start and listen, hoping that it would prove to be the footsteps of their returning soldier. As soon as the day dawned, Anna Warner went out, milked the cows fed the stock of the farm, and without waiting for breakfast, or to make any change in her dress, started for the Bank, to obtain some tidings of her uncle.—Clad in a striped skirt of linsey-wolsey, a short blue-linen wrapper, with bare arms and hands, without stockings, and a calico bonnet, she hurried forward to the main road, which she found full of militia men, and citizens flocking towards the coast. Many women and children were also there, hastening onwards moaning and weeping, ignorant of what had become of father, brother, and husband.

At length Anna met an old man, whom she knew (Mr. John Bailey,) who informed her that her uncle, mortally wounded, had been conveyed to a dwelling near the meeting house, and was still living. She hastened thither, and found him a sad object to behold, cut and mangled in various parts of his head, hands, and body. His wounds had been dressed, but life was fast ebbing away, and he no sooner saw Anna, than he earnestly asked for his wife and children, piteously entreating that he might see them before he died. Anxious to gratify him, she turned back with a quick step, retraced her way home, caught and saddled the family horse, helped the young wife upon it, placed the oldest child in her lap, and taking the babe in her arms, hastened back again, and never rested a moment, till after her nine miles' walk, she had placed the child in the arms of its dying parent.

The energy and promptness of action displayed by Anna Warner in this incident, were retained by her as Mrs. Bailey, and even to old age. She was noted for a bold, determined spirit, quickness of feeling, prompt repartee, vigor and agility of frame, and volubility of speech. But the predominate feeling of her life was a deep-rooted hatred of everything English. Her prejudices were tremendous; the fire kindled in her bosom in the morning of life nothing could extinguish. The fearful scenes of the Jersey prison ship, from whose noisome hold some of the friends of her youth had barely escaped with life, and where she firmly believed 11,500 Americans, all told, and numbered had perished; (for so she often repeated it) and the home terrors of the Groton massacre, had so embittered her retentive feelings, that she could never speak of the British nation without some vituperate epithet. When therefore the last war with Great Britain broke out she was ready for the

emergency. She gloried in the Declaration of War in 1812, almost as much as in Declaration of Independence of '76. Her cordial manners, and her vehement political predilections and antipathies made her house a noted partisan resort, and its mistress a noted personage. Officers and soldiers of both army and navy frequented her dwelling, and met with a warm-hearted hospitality, that made her threshold appear to them more like a home than a tavern.

But the wide notoriety of Mrs. Bailey is founded on a single incident which happened in the summer of 1843—an incident coarse and ludicrous in itself, but which has been widely circulated, and yet so much more frequently alluded to than actually told, that a simple detail of the fact seems requisite. The squadron of Commodore Decatur had been chased into New London harbor by a superior British fleet; and an attack upon the town was momentarily expected. It was of great importance that the fort on Groton Heights should be immediately prepared for a vigorous defence. Major Simeon Smith with a band of volunteers from New London, hastened to the reinforcement of the garrison, and preparations were made to give the enemy a warm reception, when it was discovered that they were short of cartridges. Wadding was wanted and a messenger was sent in haste through the village to procure flannel. The inhabitants had mostly packed their goods and were carrying them off to places less exposed. Mrs. Bailey was sending away her effects, and had only a few necessary articles left in the house. She was crossing the street to a neighbor's door when the messenger, having traversed the village, asking in vain at every house for flannel to make cartridges, accosted her and made known his errand and his ill success. Without a moment's delay—quick as thought—she slipped her hand into her pocket hole, loosened her skirt, shook it off, and lifting it up presented it to the messenger with a right hearty laugh, expressing a wish, and import of which was, that it might do its work promptly and effectually.

The bystanders were much amused and uttered a shout of admiration. The messenger hastened with his prize to the fortress and made his report. The story was rehearsed to the whole garrison, and the sacrificed skirt being unrolled and displayed, was received with loud acclamations; the men rearing it upon their pikes, declared that they would fight under it to the last drop of their blood. Had the British actually made an attack at that time, it is quite probable that the memorable garment would have been run up the flag staff and allowed to throw out its folds upon the wind as a banner.

This anecdote went forth into the newspapers, and was soon spread throughout the Union. Mrs. Bailey was exalted to a pinnacle of notoriety, as as the greatest of female patriots. She was toasted, visited, caressed; letters, tokens, and presents were sent her from all quarters. At the great military and naval ball, given in New London not long afterwards, Mrs. Bailey appeared in antique costume, and was led out upon the floor by the officer highest in rank that was present on the occasion. Since that period, strangers stopping at New London have made it a point to visit Mrs. Bailey. Two Presidents of the United States, Monroe and Jackson, in their respective tours through the

Northern States, after visiting Groton Fort, went in stately procession to pay their respects to her as the heroine of Groton.

The writer of this article first saw her when she was upwards of seventy years of age. She would dance all about the room, singing national glee, at the English and defenders of English measures, and glorify the democracy, the masonic fraternity, and General Jackson—her favorite topics—with a zest and lightness of heart that filled the beholders with amazement. The walls of her room were adorned, or rather disfigured with a grotesque assemblage of ballad engravings and coarse caricatures, among which no less than eight likenesses of her favorite hero were interspersed; this she observed was none too much of a good thing. It is but justice to add, that she exhibited the wood-bines that shaded her piazza, and her large flowering "Derangy," (Hydrangea) with as much exultation as Decatur's ship, or McDonough's cock, or even Gen. Jackson's venerated countenance. She related the story of the flannel garment in a lively sportive manner, observing (what no one who knew her devotion to the cause could doubt) that she would have given all the blankets in her house with as much good will, had they been within reach; and adding, in relation to the skirt, "It was a right good article—none of your scanty skirts, but over three yards wide, and bound with good quality binding." This amplitude of dimensions may readily be received, for its owner was of masculine proportions.

This sketch would be incomplete, if we were not to add that Mrs. Bailey was a warm friend, a kind and obliging neighbor, and irreproachable as a wife. Her husband, who died at the age of 90, August 24th, 1848, was just three weeks older than herself.—They lived together about 65 years, but had no children. After the death of her companion, Mrs. Bailey lost much of her usual cheerfulness, and was no longer the gay, excitable girl of 18, that she had been at 70 and 80 years of age. She had often declared her persuasion that she should live to number a hundred years, and this perhaps might have been the case, had not her eventful life been cut off in a manner so sudden and awful. Her natural vigor was greatly abated, but she was neither sick nor helpless.

She was left sitting alone, after dinner (Jan. 10, 1851) in an arm chair, near a comfortable, but not a large fire. A short time elapsed—a smell of fire was perceived by the inmates of the house—they flew to Mrs. Bailey's room, which they found so full of smoke that at first nothing could be discerned distinctly. The old lady was lying on the floor burnt in a most shocking manner; the carpet and floor under her were nearly consumed. She was living, but expired in less than an hour. In what manner the accident happened cannot be explained.

Mrs. Bailey had a brother who followed the seas, and died in youth away from home.—Her nearest surviving relatives are the descendants of her uncles, James and Edward Mills.

MISCELLANY.

A HORSE SPIRIT.

A LADY friend, not a thousand miles from Gotham, relates the following, which has struck us, rightly considered, as possessing an element of the

pathetic in no ordinary degree. An old horse, that had served his master faithfully for some twenty five-years, was sold to a drover from one of the little Long Island Sound villages near New Haven, and taken to that pleasant town for shipment to the West Indies. As the old fellow went away, in new hands, he seemed to have a kind of instinctive presentiment that he was to return no more. He cast "many a longing lingering look behind," and whined his apprehension so affectingly, that his old owner almost relented, and but for seeming childish he would have followed and revoked the bargain, a course which his children, who were watching the old horse depart, strenuously urged him to adopt. He disappeared, however, with his new master, and soon after, in company with a large drove of other horses, he was placed on board a vessel, which, one afternoon in March, set sail from New Haven, for the West Indies. The vessel had hardly reached the open Sound, at night-fall, before a storm began to "brew" which by nine o'clock became so violent, that the safety of the ship, captain and crew was placed in imminent jeopardy. The craft labored so heavily that it was found necessary to throw over much of the live freight, which greatly encumbered the dock. The oldest and least valuable horses were selected, and among them was our four-legged "hero." The stormy waters of the Sound received the poor old fellow; but his destiny was not yet to be fulfilled. The shore, which the vessel had "hugged" in the tempest, was only three miles distant, and this, with more than "super-human effort," he was enabled to reach. That very night his old master was awakened by the familiar "whinnying" of his faithful beast, over the long accustomed door-yard gate; saying, like the old "gaberlunzeman" in the Scottish song.

"Get up, good man, and let me in!"

The familiar sound came like the voice of "Nat. Lee's Spirit Horse," as described by Dana in "The Buccaneers," to that remorseful master. He did "get up," and let the old steed into his wonted stall, which he thereafter occupied undisturbed until his death. With an unerring instinct, that animal had travelled twenty-two miles, after reaching the shore, before he arrived at the door of his old master. "I shall never sell another old horse," said the original narrator of this story to our friend, "the longest day I live!"

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

A COUNTRY school master one day announced to his pupils that an examination would soon take place. "If you are examined in geography," said he, "you will surely be asked what is the shape of the earth; and if you should not remember, just look at me and I will show you my snuff-box, to remind you that it is round." Unfortunately, the teacher had two snuff-boxes; a round one, which he only used on Sunday, and a square one, which he carried during the week. The fatal day having arrived, the class in geography was duly called out, and the question asked, "What is the shape of the earth?" The first boy appalled at the imposing appearance of the examining committee felt embarrassed, and glanced at the master, who at once pointed at his snuff-box. "Sir," boldly answered the boy, "it is round on Sunday and square all other days in the week."

MONS. DAGUERRE, the inventor of Daguerreotypy, is now in his 59th year. His mind is still very active, and he carries on his chemical experiments daily. His gray head, and open, intellectual countenance, form a very handsome picture. Daguerre resides at his Chateau Brie Surmarne, not far from Paris, and is passing the evening of his life in quiet content; the French government awarded him a pension of \$1000 a year for his art, which sum he still receives.

PROMPT.

Nor long since in a Sunday School not a hundred miles from Summer Street, a question was put—"How did Jonah feel while in the whale's belly?" A little fellow belonging to a family in which wit had been hereditary for successive generations, forgetting at a moment the Bible answer, instantly said, "He felt pretty well down in the mouth, sir."

WHAT debt of gratitude the doctors owe that man who first invented carriages! One half the medicine we use is only a substitute for walking.—Who ever heard of a wood-sawyer being troubled with indigestion or the gout?

An exchange paper says: "Never let people work for you gratis. If you do, you will never get out of their debt in all eternity. Two years ago a man carried a bundle to Boston, free of cost. The consequence is, that we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since."

"FATHER," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother." "Why not?" "Because every time she drinks it she blows me up."

A FRIEND of ours says he is growing weaker and weaker every day. He has got so now, that he can't raise five dollars.

"Go it while you are young" and have a red nose when you are old.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

N. S. B. Bridgeport, Mich. \$1.00; P. M. Monterey, Mass. \$5.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Collins, Mr. George A. F. Jones, of West Stockbridge, to Miss Margaret Ann Malcher, of this city.

In Albany on the 23d inst. by the Rev. E. B. Stimson, Mr. Wm. J. Morrison, of East Greenbush, to Miss Harriet Amelia, eldest daughter L. Burdick of Albany.

At Pine Plains, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. Joseph B. Breed, Mr. Nathan Andrews of East Haven Conn. to Miss Mary Francis Hagarman eldest daughter of Henry Hagarman Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Thursday, the 17th inst. after a long and painful illness, Henry, son of Israel and Margaret Platt, of this city.

In this city, on Monday April 21st, Eliza, only child of Henry and Eliza Ary aged 10 years.

At Claverack, on Sunday, April 20 Ashael Ham. in the 22d year of his age.

In New York, on Thursday, April 24, in the 58th year of his age, Mr. James Russell, a native of Ireland, and for many years a resident of that city.

At New York, in the 25th year of his age, Henry Hobart Curtis, M. D. son of Cyrus Curtis, and Deputy Health Officer of that port.

At Spencertown, N. Y. April 23d, 1851, Lebbeus Reed, Esq. aged 77 years.

In Greenport on the 27th inst. from Paralysis, Mrs. Sally McKinstry, wife of Mr. Ansel McKinstry, aged 19 years.

Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.
TO LIZZIE.
AN EFFUSION.

BY MRS. L. GARDNER.

You write me L. is beautiful,
Affectionate, and fair,
As radiant, as a rainbow hue,
Reflected in the air.

Mild as the morning zephyr,
That fans the opening flower,
And lovely as a summer cloud
As evening's golden hour.

As such, you write, you love her,
And well my child, may you,
When a stranger, to her bosom,
Your beating heart, she drew.

I too, will love this beautiful,
This favored child of heaven;
To whom, you write, fortune and friends,
And every wish is given.

And should I ever meet her,
Unto my heart I'll press,
This child of so much promise
In one sweet fond caress.

What sight on earth more charming
Than youthful hearts combined,
Their busy fancies forming
Fresh beauties for the mind.

Lousia—Lizzie—ever love,
In purest friendship here,
That stainless, beautiful, above
You both in heaven appear.

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

BY WILLIAM MONTERWELL.

THEY COME! the merry summer months
Of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come; the glad some months that bring
Thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up my heart! and walk abroad,
Fling care and care aside,
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself
Where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast
Of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky
In rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch
Is grateful to the hand,
And, like the kiss of maiden love,
The breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup
Are nodding courteously,
It stirs their blood with kindest love
To bless and welcome thee;
And mark how with thine own thin locks—
They now are silver gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning,
And whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along
The ocean of yon sky,
But bath its own winged mariners
To give it melody:
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread
All gleaming like red gold,
And bark! with shrill pipe musical,
Their merry course they hold.
God bless them all, these little ones,
Who far above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys,
And vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,
From yonder wood it came;
The spirit of the dim, green glade
Did breathe his own glad name;—
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird,
That apart from all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous
To the soft western wind;
Cuckoo! cuckoo! he sings again—
His notes are void of art,
But simplest strains do soonest sound
The deep founts of the heart!

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon
For thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers
Beneath this summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath
Their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams
Of youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt,
The reckless truant boy
Wandered through green woods all day long,
A mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause;
But oh! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy fount loved of yore
I yet delight to drink:—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,
The calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams,
As in the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light
Fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—
A heart that hath waxed old.

From the New York Organ.

DASH ASIDE THE CUP OF SORROW.

BY CHARLES LOUIS HEYDE.

DASH aside the cup of sorrow
Thou art raising to thy lips,
Every purple drop must borrow
Joy from him who of it sips.
False its light, its warmth imparting,
In the soul, a transient flame,
Fatal, though so soon departing,
Unto life and peace and fame.
Passion, is its ruling spirit,
Urging on to deeds of strife,
Happiness to disinherit,
And make anarchy of life.

Now the tempter, blandly smiling,
Whispers, "Drink this sweetness up."
List not to her words beguiling,
Raise not to thy lips the cup.

She hath stole the fairest blossom
That adorned and graced a heart,
Leaving in the wretched bosom,
But the wounding thorns and smart.

She hath promised balm to sorrow;
Liar! adding woes to grief,
Till the heavy soul could borrow
But of death alone relief.

If thou would'st enjoy a pleasure
By a trust that ne'er betrays,
If thou would'st possess a treasure,
Wealth of peace for future days;

Turn where Nature is bestowing
These with ever open hand;
From a thousand fountains flowing
Freely over all the land.

From the mountain, through the valley,
With a pleasant, winning tone;
Where the thirsty pilgrims rally
In a desert drear and lone.

Every drop is one of gladness;
Then no more thy soul deceive,
Dash aside the cup of madness,
Taste of that which cannot grieve.

TO A LADY.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

I THINK of thee when morning springs
From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,
And, like a young bird, lift her wings
Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love
O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
And sent in music from the grove,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide,
The evening spreads her robes of light,
And, like a young and timid bride,
Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,
And stars are forth, like blessed things,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee;—that eye of flame,
Those tresses, falling bright and free,
That brow where "Beauty writes her name,"
I think of thee—I think of thee.

New Volume, October, 1850.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Vol. 27, Commencing Oct. 19, 1850,
EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

Price \$1—Clubs from 45 to 75 Cents.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature, containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biographies, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Valuable Recipes, Poetry, &c. The first Number of the Twenty-seventh Volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY will be issued on Saturday the 19th of October, 1850.

The "Repository" circulates among the most intelligent families of our country and is hailed as a welcome visitor, by all that have favored us with their patronage. It has stood the test of more than a quarter of a century; amid the many changes that have taken place and the ups and downs of life, whilst hundreds of a similar character have perished, our humble Rural has continued on, from year to year, until it is the Oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday in the Quarto form, containing twenty six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will also be embellished with numerous Engravings, and consequently it will be one of the neatest, cheapest, and best literary papers in the country.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably in advance. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th volumes, and any one sending for the 27th volume, can have as many copies of either of these volumes as they wish at the same rate as that volume. All volumes not mentioned above will not be sold except when a whole set is wanted.

Clubs! Clubs! Clubs! Clubs!!

2 Copies for	\$1.50,	being 75 Cents Each.
3 do.	\$2.00,	do. 66 do.
5 do.	\$3.00,	do. 60 do.
8 do.	\$4.00,	do. 50 do.
11 do.	\$5.00,	do. 46 do.
22 do.	\$10.00,	do. 45 do.
33 do.	\$15.00,	do. 45 do.
44 do.	\$20.00,	do. 45 do.
55 do.	\$25.00,	do. 45 do.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher.

No subscription received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the year until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD,
Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y.

NOTICE TO AGENTS, &c.

The present Post Office Law, will probably prevent our sending a Large Prospectus as heretofore, in consequence of the extra expense; but the matter contained in one, and all the necessary information concerning Clubs, &c. can be obtained from the above. We respectfully solicit all our subscribers to endeavor to get up a Club in their vicinity for the next Volume.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice and receive Subscriptions.